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they will not stand that test, they are naught, let them come with what authority they may.—The Builder.

PECEPTIONS

The following appreciative notice of the last Reception of the season, at Dodsworth's Hall, on the evening of March 6th, we take from the *Home Journal*:

A crowd again assembled at Dodsworth's on Thursday evening to participate in the ARTISTS' RECEPTION. This occasion being the last of the season, accounted for the great number convened on such a tempestuous night, and thoroughly evinced the zeal of the Art-lovers, while it was an appreciated compliment to the artists. About the same number of pictures were exhibited, some quite pretending in size. Most were finished works, with but few sketches. Baker had a charming " Head of a Child;" Bellows, some "Landscape Studies," which evince a delicate feeling for this department, with a conscientious searching after form and the sentiment of the scene. Cafferty had a well-painted cabinet picture and a forcible portrait; Carpenter, a portrait, with strong individuality of character; Casilear, one of his delicious landscapes; Durand, a fine study; Edmonds "A Boy playing a Flute to two intently listening Negro Children;" Gifford and Gignoux, characteristic works; Gray, "The Pride of the Village"-a picture of genuine sentiment and pathos, treated with great delicacy of handling, and with strength of tone and effect: all the details most carefully rendered, and the character of the three heads expressed with dramatic feeling. Mr. Gray had likewise two cabinet heads of great tenderness of color and strength of tone. Mr. Greene gave us another of his elaborate female heads; Mr. Hall, an unfinished "Don Quixote," a sweetly-painted head of "Priscilla," in pointed hat and ruffa companion picture of "John Alden"-and a pleasing sketch of "The Wedding Procession going through the Forest." Wm. Hart had a fine "Portrait view of the Cheney House;" a charming example of the New England homestead. This ministering to the home sentiment on the part of landscape painters might be cultivated to advantage. The scenes of our childhood, the country homes of our youth, hung near our city firesides, cherishing the memories of early years-the love and veneration of ancestral sites and family reminiscences. Huntington was well represented in a most spiritual and rapt "St. John," with upturned gaze, awaiting the divine afflatus; Kensett centributed a quiet, but truthful study, admirable for conscientious treatment; Richards, "A River Scene," with a background of mountains; Rossiter sent a "Priscilla," standing by an open window at the moment of uttering, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Sonntag, two admirable landscapes-one a "Mountain Scene," treated with great grandeur of effect; the other a "Sunset," over a verdant plain, excellent for power of gradation, free manipulation, and fullness of form. Staigg gave a charming little head, in oil; Suydam, a fog effect "On the Sea-shore," which was the best expression of the humidity and density of fog we have ever seen. A quiet reach of beach, with two or three houses scarcely discernible in the middle distance-nothing as a subject, yet wonderfully fine in the interpretation. A small," Twilight," likewise, was full of unobtrusive beauty. Tait gave one of his fine pictures of "Deer;" Waterson and Williamson, excellent pictures in their respective styles-one animals, and the other landscapes; Mr. Loop also had a carefully painted cabinet "Picture of a Lady;" and Mr. Wenzler's "Judge Jay" attracted attention from its pre-Raphaelite fidelity to detail and drawing. Of the others our space does not admit mention; but the whole exhibition was most creditable to the artist managers, who fulfilled a delicate task with admirable tact. These Artentertainments have now become a necessary feature in the winter's social programme.

STUDIO BULLDING, TENTH ST.—The Reception on the evening of the 22d ultimo was unusually brilliant. Among the guests were the venerable Rembrandt Peale and Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of the most liberal Art-patrons in the country. We regret that we are obliged to go to press without time or space to notice the attractions of the evening more fully.

OBITUARY.

HENRY ARY, portrait and landscape painter, died at his residence in Hudson, in February last; after a long and painful illness. He lived for a number of years in Catskill, where he successfuly practised portraiture. Here, under the influence of the lamented Cole, his attention was directed to the study of landscape art, which his earnest and unaffected love of nature well fitted him to pursue. The last fifteen years of his life were spent in Hudson. The subjects of his pencil were chosen chiefly from the beautiful scenery amid which he lived-the picturesque windings of the Catskill Creek, and the lovely shores of the Hudson. These scenes and sometimes wilder passages from the neighboring mountains, which he often explored with sketch-book and fishing-rod, he reproduced with simple and loving truth upon his canvas. He was sensitive, modest, and retiring in his nature; a genial and sympathetic companion, and a reliable friend. He died beloved by all who knew him, and most beloved by those who knew him best.

BOOK NOTICES.

Downing's Landscape Gardening and Rueal Architecture; a new edition, with a supplement by Henry Winthrop Sargent, profusely illustrated. A. O. Moore & Co. New York, pp. 576.

A book so well known as to scarcely need our indorsement; which, however, we are glad to furnish. Downing, more than any man we know of, labored most effectually to spread a knowledge of taste throughout the length and breadth of the land, in respect to the beauty and resources of landscape gardening, and we are not aware that his works have been superseded by better authorities. This work is especially valuable on account of the information it affords concerning trees. The style in which it is got up is, generally speaking, satisfactory. Like most American books, it might be better printed, and less adorned with tasteless gilding on the back.

A MAN'S opinion of practical things is rarely worth much before the age of thirty; though some intellects are so precoicus, that their apprehensions in general are as sound and mature at eighteen and twenty, as at any subsequent period. If this observation be correct, there appears something rather startling in Lord Bacon's idea, that the notions of those between twenty and thirty form the chief basis of political augury; especially if the position be meant to include not only those who think for themselves, but the much larger class, who, as Robert Hall phrases it, "think by proxy." Broad views of a national kind, however, are less dependent on reflection or authority, than on the plastic power of circumstances, which may happen to be of the right description or otherwise.— Clulow.

Notice—The Publication Office of The Crayon, after the First of May next, will be No. 55 Walker Street.